The United States and Red China—*An Editorial*

THE *Nation*

July 30, 1949

BEGINNING AN IMPORTANT NEW SERIES

Latin-American Dictatorships: Threat to Democracy

I. Panorama in Somber Colors

BY ROMULO BETANCOURT

Former President of Venezuela

*

Plutonium and Problems - - *R. L. Neuberger*

Hongkong's Worries - - - - - *Andrew Roth*

Ray Lyman Wilbur - - - - - *Albert Guérard*

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Message to Parents

IF POLIO HITS YOUR AREA THIS YEAR...

SEE THAT YOUR CHILDREN...

AVOID Crowds and New Contacts in trains, buses or boats, if possible; avoid crowded places where one may be close to another's breath or cough.

AVOID Over-Fatigue. Too active play, late hours, worry, irregular living schedules may invite a more serious form of the disease.

AVOID Swimming in water which has not been declared *safe* by your health department.

AVOID Chilling. Take off wet clothes and shoes at once. Keep dry shoes, sweaters, blankets and coats handy for sudden weather changes.

Keep clean. Wash hands after going to toilet and before eating. Keep food covered and free from flies and other insects. Burn or bury garbage not tightly covered. Avoid using another's pencil, handkerchief, utensil or food touched by soiled hands.

QUICK ACTION MAY PREVENT CRIPPLING

Call Your Doctor at once if there are symptoms of headache, nausea, upset stomach, muscle soreness or stiffness, or unexplained fever.

Take His Advice if he orders hospital care; early diagnosis and prompt treatment are important and may prevent crippling.

Consult Your Chapter of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis for help. Your Chapter (see local telephone book or health department for address) is prepared to pay that part of the cost of care and treatment you cannot meet—including transportation, after-care and such aids as wheelchairs, braces and other orthopedic equipment. This service is made possible by the March of Dimes.

Remember, facts fight fears. Half or more of those having the disease show no after-effects; another fourth recover with very slight crippling. A happy state of mind tends toward health and recovery. Don't let your anxiety or fear reach your children. Your confidence makes things easier for you and for others.

Cut out and keep for reference.

THIS INFORMATION IS PREPARED BY

THE NATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS

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THE Nation

AMERICA'S LEADING LIBERAL WEEKLY SINCE 1865

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The Shape of Things

CARDINAL SPELLMAN'S INTEMPERATELY bitter and vituperative attack on Eleanor Roosevelt for her stand against Federal aid to parochial schools came as a shock to those who, while differing with the Cardinal, had heretofore respected his traditionally American right to make the strongest possible argument for his side. By his action the leading Roman Catholic prelate in the United States, and by inference the church to which he belongs, made it clear that any opposition—no matter how sincere and honest—to a policy adopted by the Catholic church is intolerable to that institution. Mrs. Roosevelt's untiring efforts in behalf of children of all sects and races, and her unquestioned reputation for tolerance would make the Cardinal's outburst rather silly were it not for its implications as a deliberate demonstration of his power to influence legislators of his faith as well as those whose constituencies include large numbers of Catholics. The Cardinal knows his politics and his politicians; shortly after the dispute flared, Representative Barden admitted that his school-aid bill, previously conceded a good chance of passage, now was endangered. As we go to press, only one important political figure, ex-Governor Herbert H. Lehman, has had the supreme and rare political courage to defend Mrs. Roosevelt. As he quite properly stated, "The issue is whether Americans are entitled freely to express their views on public questions without being vilified or accused of religious bias." If, by supporting Mrs. Roosevelt, the Governor arouses the Cardinal's wrath, it will have to be on grounds other than anti-Catholicism. For during his term of office he approved both the released time program of religious education and free transportation for children attending sectarian schools, measures strongly supported by Catholics. He earned a black mark, in Catholic eyes, for joining the Ad Hoc Committee to Fight the Ban on *The Nation*. He did so despite his personal dislike of the Blanshard articles, for he could not accept the high-handed censorship imposed by Dr. Jansen. It is not improbable that Governor Lehman through his support of *The Nation* and by speaking up for Mrs. Roosevelt, has taken himself out of this fall's race for Senator Wagner's seat. But we still hope that Catholic voters and political leaders will not allow themselves to be misled on these issues.

RATIFICATION OF THE ATLANTIC PACT BY A vote of 82 to 13, without reservations, represented an overwhelming defeat for the isolationist elements in the Senate as well as for the doctrinaire supporters of the rights of Congressional as against Presidential action. No amendments were proposed to bring it more closely in line with the United Nations Charter, and of course objections from the pro-Russian left were not even considered. If the pact is wise and necessary, it would have been ridiculous for the Senate to follow Senator Taft in disavowing any commitment to aid the other members in building up their military power, Senator Watkins in forbidding the President to give any military aid to an attacked partner without specific Congressional approval, or Senator Watkins, again, in denying any "implied" obligation to use our military forces. It is a pity, however, that there was no important Senatorial support for a rephrasing which would clearly have brought action under the pact within U. N. jurisdiction. And the Senate might well—though it did not—have disavowed any intention through Article 4 of the pact to preserve the colonial empires of the other members against nationalist uprisings, except in instances where these might coincide with aggression from the outside. At any rate, now we have the pact, for better or for worse. We can use it, as it was intended, to promote peace only if we go on to more important matters. To safeguard Western Europe against armed aggression is merely defensive action of the most elemental type. The more important threat is political and economic; it is a threat which can feed only on Western confusion and ineptitude. Avoidance of depression, expansion of production and consumption, safeguarding and extension of civil rights and social justice, are the weapons with which to win the cold war. The pact is merely a design to warn the Soviet Union of unity in a hot war.

*

NO MATTER WHAT ONE MAY THINK OF THE substance of the proposals of the American Friends Service Committee for a new attempt to make peace with Russia, nobody can deny the courage and sincerity of the Quakers. Not even the most reckless hunter of "subversives" would dare to hint that these devoted persons have a subterranean link with Moscow. The members of the committee took pains to inform themselves from official

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sources on both sides. Their recommendations on trade are only common sense from any point of view, and have frequently been made in this journal—stop economic warfare, promote East-West trade in Europe, give aid to underdeveloped areas in Eastern Europe as elsewhere, relax American tariff barriers. The recommendation to seek a unified and neutralized Germany is excellent—if it can be achieved, but one wonders what would bring the Soviet Union to consent. And if it cannot be achieved how can we possibly end our attempt to set up a Western German state and arrange for an all-German constitution? The other recommendations about Germany presuppose a unified German government, with the possible exception of bringing the Ruhr coal and steel industries under the United Nations Economic Commission for Europe. The proposal to utilize the U. N. as a means of solving American-Russian disputes is above criticism, but not of much practical usefulness unless more specific means are suggested. Putting atomic weapons under a United Nations seal would certainly be praiseworthy, but would not a proposal to do so inevitably involve the old dispute about inspection and control? In spite of all possible doubts, however, the world needs the indefatigable zeal of the Society of Friends in hammering away at the task of creating peace.

✕

THE DEEP MYSTERY ABOUT THE SECRET meetings of important personages at the President's temporary Washington home has, it appears to us, been misinterpreted by most of the newspaper speculations. Apparently the meetings have something to do with Britain and the atomic bomb. If so, it simply passes belief that Britain is asking us to share with her any of our "secrets," scientific or technological. Britain's scientists and technicians are the equal of ours, they were our partners in developing the bomb, and if atomic research has now come to be carried on in watertight compartments, there is as much likelihood that they have secrets unknown to us as that we have secrets unknown to them. But of course most discussion of atomic secrets is not worth the black ink with which it is printed. Again and again the scientists who know have told us that there are no such secrets, and that the development of the industrial know-how necessary to make bombs is merely a matter of expense and time. It is much more credible, as suggested by W. H. Laurence of the New York *Times*, that Britain is asking us—shall we use part of our limited resources and man-power to stockpile bombs, at the cost of more Marshall-plan aid, or will you deposit some of yours with us?

✕

THE DELIBERATIONS OF CONGRESS ABOUT reviving farm relief seem to be degenerating into an ef-

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fort to keep alive the coalition between conservative farm organizations and big business, no matter what the cost to the country or, ultimately, to the farmers themselves. The Brannan plan, which the House of Representatives has just rejected, constitutes an attempt to weld together the interests of farmers and city consumers—represented in this instance chiefly by the unions. The version of the Brannan plan presented to Congress was whittled down to extremely modest proportions, but even so it suffered defeat at the hands of the big-farm-big-business bloc. The idea of selling a few perishable foods for what they would bring in the market instead of supporting them at prices too high for many consumers to reach was just too much for our most vocal supporters of "free, competitive private enterprise." To be sure, the Brannan plan involved safeguarding the farmers in question by supplementing their incomes with a government subsidy designed to give them as much as if they had received the supported prices. But this, according to the conservatives, was socialistic governmental intervention and control. We should like to know what they call buying up crops with government funds and holding them off the market. Apparently the opponents of the Brannan plan do not expect to save the taxpayers any money; all they care about is making sure that the consumers pay artificially high prices, and that food shall go uneaten.

To Save the Land

WHETHER or not the warnings of William Vogt, Fairfield Osborn, and others are correct that the world's population may soon outgrow its supplies of food and natural resources, all of us would agree that the United States should at once stop wasting its heritage. In spite of ambitious conservation programs we have merely somewhat retarded the needless destruction of field and forest.

Some 115,000,000 acres of farmland are being eroded so fast that they will be lost if a good job is not done on them within the next fifteen years. This is about one-quarter of our good potential cropland. Another quarter will be lost if not protected within thirty years. Land already ruined for crops may be restored for pasture or trees, with the right measures—about 100,000,000 acres of it. Besides this work we need to use twice as much fertilizer as at present, drain properly some (far from all) of our swampland, and prevent the development of a new dust bowl when the next dry-weather cycle hits the Great Plains.

As for lumber, the national forests produce only about 10 per cent of the annual wood crop. Private owners control three-quarters of the forest and have at their mercy more than half the saw timber. The Forest Service finds that 64 per cent of the tree cutting is still poor or destructive of the forests. Even if good practices were universally installed now, it would take forty-five years to catch up with the demand for saw timber.

These facts are quoted from "Our Conservation Job," an excellent report by Stephen Raushenbush, published last spring by the Public Affairs Institute of Washington, D. C. The report offers an extremely interesting program for discussion. It covers fuel resources and water as well as soil and forests, but space necessitates limitation of this comment to farming and forestry.

We need an over-all and dynamic program covering private as well as public property. There is no lack of knowledge in government agencies as to what ought to be done, or as to the technical measures necessary to do it. What is lacking is the essential financing. Many private owners simply cannot afford to take the required action. To carry the financial burden, the report suggests a National Resources Corporation—a federal credit agency which would raise its funds by public bond issues guaranteed by the Treasury and would lend to private owners who carried out officially certified conservation policies on terms which would make it safe and profitable for them to borrow. On a national scale the investment would be self-liquidating in the end because of the increased yield of the land. The program would not depend on the taxpayers, the vagaries of Congress, or the restrictions of private credit agencies.

The bonds would offer a safe and attractive investment, with interest ranging from a minimum of 3 per cent (guaranteed) to a possible maximum of 5½ per cent, and terms from twenty to sixty years. They would not, of course, be tax exempt. Loans to landowners would be tailored to conservation requirements by paying out the money, not in a lump sum, but as it was needed, and exempting the borrower from interest and amortization for a few years at the start, so that he could realize some of the results before repaying anything. The moratorium might run as long as five years for land and developed forests and fifteen years for new forests. The rates charged, too, would vary with the nature of the operation. For forests and woodlots the interest would be 2½ per cent, for increased fertilizer production 4 per cent; windfalls in the form of higher prices would be divided with the bondholders in the ratio of 60 per cent to the borrowers and 40 per cent to those who had put up the stake.

Farmers and forest owners have recently been making good money. Many of them could afford to salvage their own property, and if their prosperity continues, they ought to be required to do so, provided it lies within their power. The trouble is, however, that the high prices which bring prosperity to the resource owner also tempt him to realize a quick profit at the expense of the land. This is especially true if he fears a drop of prices in the future. Millions of acres which have been planted

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in wheat in the semi-arid regions can be saved only if they are allowed to go back to grass before the drought comes. In many ways low prices would aid conservation more than high ones.

At any rate, the proposal here made assumes that prices will not indefinitely remain high. So long as we retain private ownership of resources, we shall have to make conservation financially feasible if it is to prevail. If owners are going to need more money than is at present available for the purpose, a National Resources Corporation, set up in much the way here outlined, looks like a good method of providing it.

The US and Red China

IN a desperate effort to rally American support for his fading regime, Chiang Kai-shek has set up a little Asian Union with the Philippines and South Korea which he hopes will grow into a full-blown Pacific pact. The trick is a transparent one. By linking his corrupt, discredited regime with the somewhat more respectable governments in the Philippines and Korea in an anti-Communist crusade Chiang obviously hopes to capitalize on the current anti-Communist hysteria in the United States. And his tactics have been aided to some extent by the uncouth behavior of the Chinese Communists in Shanghai. The United States government has rightly resented the detention and beating of Vice Consul William M. Olive for a trivial offense. Now even some of the business groups that were most inclined to give the Communists a trial have been alienated by the extreme nationalistic fervor which has marked the early days of the new regime in Shanghai. The restrictions placed on remittances in foreign currencies have prevented both missionaries and businessmen from carrying on as they had planned in the Shanghai area.

Congressional die-hards like Senators Brewster, Knowland, and McCarran, together with Representative Judd, will undoubtedly utilize these incidents to press for a resumption of aid to Chiang. Kuomintang supporters in this country argue that it is still possible to set up a strong anti-Communist regime in China's Far West where Claire Chennault boasts of having established a series of first-class airfields close to the Soviet border. Moreover, it is evident that with American help Chiang might be able to hold out indefinitely in Taiwan (Formosa). From this base he could continue his blockade of Shanghai and other Central China ports.

To state the case in these terms, however, is to reveal the moral and political bankruptcy of the pro-Chiang forces in this country. Are we to spend the next ten years supporting Denikins and Kolchaks on China's periphery in the hope that the Communists will ultimately die of economic strangulation? The chances of such a program working in China are even less than they were in Russia thirty years ago. For in sharp contrast to the situation in Russia after the Bolshevik Revolution, there is very little organized resistance to the new regime within China. Few, if any, of those who dislike communism would welcome a return of Kuomintang rule. If America is unpopular in present-day China, it is because it tried to support a government that Chinese of all classes had come to despise. Nor are we likely to regain the friendship of this great people by providing their ex-ruler with planes to bomb their cities and ships to blockade their ports. From a practical point of view, moreover, further support of Chiang would be sheer futility. If America was unable to shore up Chiang's position with 3 to 4 billion dollars when the Generalissimo had 3,000,000 men under arms, it can hardly expect any amount of financial assistance to stem the tide of revolution today.

Washington reports indicate that the State Department is endeavoring to coordinate its policy toward the new regime with that of the British, the French, and other Western governments. On the whole, this is a salutary development. The British have consistently taken a somewhat longer view of the China situation than has the State Department. They have heavy investments in China and they know that these investments can be profitable only if trade can be restored. It is not necessary to argue that Mao Tse-tung is a potential Tito to believe that the Chinese Communists will ultimately desire friendly trade relations with the West. In contrast to Russia, China cannot readily become self-sufficient economically. The Soviet Union is not in a position to offer effective aid. If Communist China is to develop its industry and agriculture along modern lines, it will need many things from the West, and the West, in turn, would be badly handicapped without its tungsten, tung oil, and other raw material exports. In view of their foreign exchange difficulties, the British are determined not to lose this trade. The State Department would not be discharging its responsibility to American business if it permitted the British to steal a march on us.

The question of when and on what terms the Communist government in China should be recognized is not yet an immediate issue. An all-China coalition government will probably be set up within the next sixty days. Britain is apparently prepared to recognize the new state, at least on a de facto basis. Realistically, there is no reason why the United States should postpone similar action. The withholding of recognition will not cause the new government to abandon its program of political reform or its basic political alignment. If there is to be any amelioration in China's revolution, particularly in its international dealings, it can come only as an indirect result of the establishment of normal, friendly relations between the Chinese and American people.

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The Threat to American Democracy

LATIN AMERICA should be a subject of intense interest to all Americans. A great part of the political and economic future of the United States is tied up with the future of the southern continent. Apart from their enjoyment of tangos, rumbas, and Mexican corridos, and dreams of Rio, Havana, and Cuernavaca as ideal vacation spots, the immense majority of citizens of the United States know little about Latin America. Occasionally the press reports violent popular uprisings, such as the one in Bogotá last summer during the meetings of the Pan-American Conference, which nearly took the life of former Secretary of State General Marshall. But if they are told, as they were then, that the outburst was caused by Communist plotting, they shrug their shoulders and quickly forget. Last week American newspaper readers may have noticed small reports of an attempt to overthrow the regime of President Juan José Arevalo in Guatemala, one of the few governments which has consistently resisted the general trend toward semi-fascist, military dictatorships. But Americans seldom relate these local conflicts to larger events of the same nature in other parts of the world.

What is happening in China will one day happen in Latin America. Until recently Americans did not realize that a change was taking place in China, which would rank as one of the epoch-making events of this century. In Latin America, too, a slow but formidable social revolution is brewing. Military coups can only delay it. The day it begins to gather momentum, Americans will be taken as much by surprise as they have been by developments in China.

The Nation has decided to open its pages to Latin American democratic leaders for an outspoken discussion of the problems facing their countries. In the series of articles, beginning with the one published in this issue, American authorities on Latin America will also be invited to present their views. J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

I. Panorama In Somber Colors

BY ROMULO BETANCOURT

THE political panorama of Latin America today must be painted in somber colors. Representative governments chosen in popular elections have been overthrown, one after the other, by military juntas. Just as nations were beginning to enjoy the advantages of democracy, they have fallen under the power of oppressive dictatorships.

Politics in Latin America have always been marked by violence. This has been due in part to the continent's economic backwardness, the persistence of feudal systems of production, in part to the heritage of Spain, the classic country of "military pronunciamientos." Revolutions and coups d'état have frequently replaced one government with another south of the Rio Grande.

But what is happening today is very different, and much more ominous. In former times violence was often the inevitable reaction to the harshness of dictatorship. The people were driven to exercise that "right of rebellion" which has been recognized by the United Nations. After the tyrant was overthrown, a civilian administration was installed, and usually the new government fixed a date for elections. Today we are confronted with a series of thrusts for power similar in technique to the typical pre-war Nazi putsch. Military groups of the extreme right, without popular support and backed by big capital, seize the seat of government and set up a dictatorship overnight.

These neo-fascist regimes are all alike, not only in their origin but in their political and administrative procedure. They give the impression of being a family of Siamese twins, issue of one womb—the Argentine government of General Perón; a system of connecting arteries seems to carry the same ideas about internal and external policy to all of them. The threat they offer to the existence of democratic governments becomes stronger as their number grows. It reached a climax when within sixty days two freely elected governments, those of Peru and Venezuela, were overthrown by mili-

ROMULO BETANCOURT was President of Venezuela from October, 1945, to February 14, 1948. He is now in exile in this country.

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tary groups. Particularly deplorable was the coup of November 24, 1948, which deposed President Rómulo Gallegos of Venezuela, who had been elected nine months before by a majority of a million votes. The honesty of his election and the stability of his regime had been widely extolled in the American press and in quasi-official announcements at the time of the meeting between Presidents Truman and Gallegos at Bolivar, Missouri, for the unveiling of a statue of the Liberator; the White House, therefore, took a grave view of his overthrow. Its concern was clearly revealed in the following paragraphs from a letter written by President Truman to President Gallegos in exile and published in the Cuban magazine *Bohemia* on February 13, 1949:

Romulo Betancourt

> I believe that the use of force to effect political change is not only deplorable but also inconsistent with the ideals of the American peoples. The government of the United States intends to do everything possible within its international obligations to strengthen democratic forces in this hemisphere.
>
> This concern has been brought to the attention of the governments of the other American republics and their advice solicited in determining what steps can properly be taken to encourage democratic and constitutional procedures in the Americas.

We can rejoice that the United States and other American countries—notably Uruguay, Cuba, Chile, El Salvador, Guatemala, Costa Rica, and Bolivia—have finally registered their opposition to the use of armed force to overthrow governments brought into being by fair and free elections. But if the way is to be cleared for the restoration of democracy in Latin America, they must recognize that the danger comes not only from the left but from the right. The activities of the Communists should not make people forget the increasing boldness of the rightist totalitarians. I count myself among the public men in America who have been aware of this danger. I warned of it repeatedly during the twenty-eight months I was chief of state in Venezuela and later when I was head of the Venezuelan delegation to the ninth inter-American conference at Bogotá. In an article published in the New York *Times Magazine* on February 13, 1948, Milton Bracker, that paper's principal correspondent in Latin America, reported one thing that I accomplished. I do not agree with all the ideas of this journalist, but he was entirely accurate when he said:

> At Bogotá the United States, with Peru and others, submitted an anti-Communist resolution. It was former President Rómulo Betancourt of Venezuela who quickly pointed out another menace—from the right. The resolution was amended to include "international communism or any other totalitarian doctrine." It was passed as amended. And within seven months the threat which the United States would have ignored had actually smashed the regime which Betancourt himself had headed.

Convinced that action by the totalitarian right was imminent, I demanded that the minutes of the April 22 session of the Bogotá conference record the complete text of the speech in which I proposed the above-mentioned amendment to the anti-Communist resolution.

I emphasized this point again at a banquet tendered me in Washington on September 7, 1948, by the directing council of the Organization of American Nations. "In more than one Latin American country," I said, "there are many signs of the growing strength of reactionary political forces whose ideal of government is the Nazi-type police state."

ECONOMIC and physical conditions in the hemisphere undoubtedly contribute to the instability of democratic governments and make them the easy prey of aggressive minorities armed with tanks, planes, and machine-guns. The post-war inflation, the gap between wages and prices, the low-income level of the population, and an unbalanced national budget have undermined the foundations of more than one representative regime. But military uprisings have also been successful in countries on the flood tide of economic prosperity. Venezuela was such a country. When the rebellion broke out on November 24, 1948, both the government and the people were financially better off than ever before in the history of the country. The national budget was B's 1,600,000,000 (the rate of exchange is 3.35 bolivars to $1), four times as large as in 1945 when the Democratic Action Party came to power. Many direct and indirect taxes had been lowered or abolished. Venezuela was the only Latin American country which had not been obliged to institute control measures to obtain dollars.

The Venezuelan government had undertaken a systematic and ambitious program of public health. It was building houses, harbors, and means of communication. Worker-employee relationships were stabilized by 600 collective bargaining contracts. More schools had been built in the last three years than in the preceding 145, and the number of teachers had increased accordingly.

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A very intelligent land reform was being carried out.

If there is no widespread misery among the people or bankruptcy of the state treasury, how is it that a democratic government can be so easily overturned? The reason is clear. Latin American countries are dominated by financially powerful groups which detest universal suffrage, social reform, and the development of production on a modern basis. These groups support neo-fascist elements in the army, encouraging their fanatical "Perónism," their obsession that a great military state has a sacred mission to perform—all this of course in the service of the idea that Argentina must be the nucleus and guiding spirit of South American politics.

What are the policies and administrative methods of regimes established under such circumstances? Venezuela offers a typical case. Its foreign policy revolves around the Madrid-Buenos Aires axis. Venezuela had broken off diplomatic and commercial relations with Franco before the United Nations passed the 1946 resolution withdrawing ambassadors from Madrid, but the military junta hastened to renew relations with the Spanish dictator. Its representatives at Lake Success, moreover, were active propagandists for the motion to annul the earlier resolution. In its attitude toward civil liberties the Carácas government faithfully follows the well-known Franco pattern. Four thousand citizens have been imprisoned without trial, and dozens of important political and labor leaders are behind bars. Many newspapers and magazines have been shut down. Censorship of the press is so severe that even the leading Catholic paper, *La Religión,* which has always taken a benevolent attitude toward the military government, recently joined the three other dailies with the largest circulation in signing a public protest against the restrictions on the liberty of the press.

The Democratic Action Party, which obtained a million votes in the elections and is the strongest party in the country, has been banned. The Venezuelan Federation of Labor has been dissolved. The dictatorship insinuates that these measures were taken because of the Marxist orientation of the two organizations, but a close alliance is known to exist between the regime and the so-called "black fraction" of the Communist Party, which continues to function legally. Imputing Communist leanings to Democratic Action and the Federation of Labor is a stupid lie, for both their doctrines and their tactics are very different from those of the groups controlled by the Cominform.

Like others of its kind the Venezuelan regime proclaims an aggressive nationalism, and this often takes the form of xenophobia, or hatred of foreigners. One of its most disgraceful acts was the transportation to the island of Guásima, in a swampy part of the Amazon forest, of some three hundred immigrants who had fled from the Canary Islands to escape Franco's terror.

Obviously the hemisphere's military regimes are unstable. They are always in danger of being overthrown by a popular uprising supported by democratic elements in the armed forces. Or they may be supplanted by another military faction which is dissatisfied with the spoils allotted to it. Thus their very existence is a threat to peace. Moreover, when armies function as governments, they are always inclined to settle differences with their neighbors by Napoleon's *ultima ratio.* The official press of Buenos Aires, Lima, and Carácas threatens the use of force every time one of the remaining representative governments makes any demand for a revision of the international treaties defining its boundaries.

DEFEATISTS, who have no faith in democracy or social progress, say that nothing can be done to prevent the greater part of the continent from being conquered by a totalitarianism of the right which regards Francisco Franco as the ideal type of ruler. Some of us are less pessimistic and believe that there are magnificent reserves in the collective soul of the Latin American peoples which can be drawn on in the continuing struggle for liberty. In Venezuela a formidable secret resistance movement has arisen, like that which operated in European countries under Nazi occupation. Portable printing presses and radio transmitters carry to the people instructions and information. Students and workers demonstrate continually, heroically defying the government's armed police.

This struggle between a defenseless people and a powerfully armed usurping minority would be less unequal if the people received support from the governments of democratic countries or from organized groups in those countries. Aid could be given in several ways:

1. Diplomatic recognition could be denied the military junta, as it has been by the governments of Uruguay, Chile, Bolivia, Costa Rica, El Salvador, Guatemala, and Cuba; or if already given it could be withdrawn. Countries which, incomprehensibly, granted recognition to a regime that came to power by overthrowing a democratically elected government could reverse their decision on the ground that the usurpers have been violating the people's civil rights for six months and have carried out none of their promises. In passing I may say that it is not certain that the resolution adopted at the inter-American conference in Bogotá obliged the American states to give automatic recognition to a government regardless of its character. On the contrary, it requested the Lawyers' Consultative Committee, whose headquarters are at Rio de Janeiro, to draft a resolution on the recognition of de facto governments, "to be discussed at the tenth inter-American conference."

2. The democratic governments in the Organization of American States or the United Nations could de-

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nounce the many violations by the dictatorial regimes of the fundamental human liberties guaranteed by the San Francisco Charter, the Paris Declaration of the Rights of Man, Human Rights, and the Bogotá Declaration of the Rights and Duties of Man. Was the judicial process applied against Cardinal Mindszenty in Hungary—which provoked a resolution of disapproval from the United Nations—a more serious infraction of human rights than the imprisonment of countless Venezuelans without trial or any investigation of the charges against them?

3. The democratic governments could refuse all economic or technical collaboration with these dictatorial regimes.

If a single state took such measures as I have suggested it might be accused of unjustified intervention in the affairs of another country. Collective action, however, by the U. N. Assembly or the Organization of American States would signify that the international accords, of which all the states of the hemisphere are signatories, have reality and force and are not mere enunciations of principles to be violated with impunity.

Together with these official steps there should be action by the democratic groups which influence public opinion. Apparently there is no effective coordination among the liberal forces of the continent. The military lodges circulate plans and propaganda among the reactionary cliques; the Communists are united and controlled by the Cominform. But the democratic political parties, the organized non-Communist workers, and the nuclei of liberal intellectuals work for democracy in isolation, separated by geographical boundaries and the absence of a common purpose or common strategy. There is urgent need for a vast embattled freedom front, created through democratic congresses representing all the liberal groups in America and able effectively to combat military neo-fascism.

Plutonium and Problems

BY RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

Richland, Washington

A WHITE-WASHED water tower pokes above the horizon of the desert. Soon other towers may be seen beside it. Pencil-like smokestacks stand nearby. Retorts and cylinders come into view as your automobile jolts closer across the interminable miles of sagebrush. Wire fence surrounds the cluster of steel and concrete, which seems strangely silent. Only a wisp of smoke leaves the stacks. The painted warning "Silence Means Security" appears strangely unnecessary in this arid desolation.

In the heart of the Northwest's inland desert, the oldest industry in America, agriculture, must wait for life-giving irrigation on the new and mysterious factories of the Hanford Project which rise like fortresses from the wasteland below Wahluke Slope. These factories are the birthplace of plutonium-239, and plutonium-239 is the substance of atomic energy.

The production of plutonium has compressed into a few years the opening of prodigious solitudes in the State of Washington. Where the sinister ingredient itself is manufactured, the curious are kept out by a cordon of barbed wire and patrol planes. But the surrounding fastnesses are populated by a migration of epic proportions. In the city of Richland more than 23,000 people live where not a soul slept or ate in 1943.

Ten thousand persons inhabited the vicinity of Pasco in 1940. Now 77,000 are crowded around this division point on the Northern Pacific. Pasco merchants grin at their good fortune. Real-estate values multiply like jack rabbits in the sagebrush. Yet occasionally the prosperous storekeepers confess to some apprehension. Many of the newcomers have been Negroes. They may be kept east of the roundhouse, but they vote on election day. Practically all the newcomers are Democrats. If Eric Johnston, formerly of Spokane, runs for United States Senator on the Republican ticket next year, this immense migration may imperil his ambitions. Benton County, normally Republican by several hundred votes, gave Truman a 3,000 vote lead last November.

The *Tri-City Herald* bannered the Hickenlooper charges against David Lilienthal, but not many of the wayfarers talked about this political sensation 2,700 miles off in Washington, D. C. "Incredible mismanagement" hardly describes the schools, swimming tanks, bungalows, and plutonium plants rising from the desert.

It is not the Atomic Energy Commission of which people are aware in Richland, Pasco, and Kennewick, "the tri-cities." In the 396,000 sprawling acres of the Hanford Project, everything is General Electric. It is G. E. that signs the paychecks and finally negotiates with the A. F. of L. Atomic Metal Trades Council. G. E. operates the model town of Richland and rents homes to workers, leases buildings to merchants, and leases out the swank Desert Inn as a concession.

Only about 300 direct employees of the Atomic Energy Commission are numbered among Richland's 23,-

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RICHARD L. NEUBERGER, a well known journalist and a frequent contributor to The Nation, *was elected to the Oregon Senate last fall.*

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000. They are headed by a big, friendly man named Fred C. Schlemmer who manages the Hanford office of AEC. Schlemmer is soft-spoken and gentle. He lost a son in the war. He supervised construction of the Norris and Watts Bar Dams in the TVA, and Norris's autobiography is on his desk. Liberalism is his creed and there is no discrimination in Richland, the government town.

Only a handful of Negro families lived in Pasco before Dr. Oppenheimer and his colleagues split the atom. They were the colored élite and white people accepted them. They made up berths on the North Coast Limited and baked chicken pies on the Columbia River Express. But men to build the plutonium plants were recruited in forty-seven states—all except Tennessee, where recruitment might compete with the needs of Oak Ridge. Many of these men were colored. They were among the 50,000 workers who lived in Hanford at the peak of building. When the factories were erected, Hanford was finished. Already the desert has reclaimed the narrow streets.

The Negroes who had been in Hanford moved to Pasco. Soon nearly 2,000 lived in the railroad town. Realtors made an informal pact not to sell them land on the downtown side of the tracks. Colored families had to pay $30 a week to occupy lop-sided shanties. Tragically, many of these shacks were rented to them at exorbitant rates by fellow Negroes. But across the Columbia in Kennewick, colored people were not welcome at all. Some said gas stations even refused to service their cars. Stores declined their patronage. Yet Section 2686 of the Washington Code Laws Annotated provides that "every person who shall deny to any other person because of race, creed, or color the full enjoyment of any of the accommodations, advantages, or privileges of a public place shall be guilty of a misdemeanor." The Democrats have controlled the Attorney General's office at Olympia for many years, and the indifferent enforcement of Section 2686 at Kennewick has not strengthened the party with labor and liberals.

MANY reasons dictated the choice of the Hanford area for the final stage in the atomic process. This is where the pitchblende mined at Great Bear Lake, in the far-off Canadian Arctic, undergoes its last treatment before priming the weapon which hangs over every international conference and debate. Power was needed. A 230,000-volt transmission line, linking Bonneville and Grand Coulee Dams, passes through the basin. Vast quantities of cold water required to cool the poisonous residue are supplied by the Columbia River, mightiest of all the mountain rivers of the nation. And the location of the plants had to be remote and isolated, yet convenient to railroad transportation which could move in the tons of steel, concrete, and ore. "If explorers had scoured the earth, no better place than Hanford could have been found for the project," said Fred Schlemmer.

Not all the residents duplicate his satisfaction. Some conservatives resent the influx of preponderantly Democratic working men. They hope that Eric Johnston will return to the state and try for the Senate in 1950, as he did unsuccessfully when Mon Wallgren was victorious in 1940. Warren G. Magnuson, the handsome blond New-Deal bachelor, is up for reelection and the G. O. P. hopes to make an issue of his spectacular romances. Although Republican campaign funds have been bolstered by the prosperity of Tri-City business men, this is more than offset by the new Democratic precincts.

Other men and women are disturbed by the proximity of the Hanford Works for a different and more fundamental reason. How dangerous is it? There are rumors of pits of evil residue, many stories deep, which pock the sagebrush. This slag is supposed to be so virulent it cannot even be dumped into the sea. Is it unstable? Might it blow up?

Perhaps such whispered fears are inevitable near an undertaking of this type. A prominent Republican in Pasco claimed these alarms were the reason for the poor turnout at G. O. P. meetings in Richland. "Folks are too nervous to take an interest in politics," he said. A leading Pasco Democrat pooh-poohed this. He agreed political rallies were skimpily attended in Richland but blamed it on "too much supervision by G. E."

My impression from talking with people in Richland was simply that most of them are too new to the Northwest to care about the local candidates who come to these meetings. I thought the morale of people was high. With voluntary labor they have built a $125,000 swimming pool to counter the choking 110-degree days of July and August. When the rampant Columbia threatened to wash away Richland last year, the people reared a mile-long dike in sixty hours. The barrier still is known as "the miracle mile."

Hanford now hires approximately 30 per cent of the people engaged in the production of atomic energy in the United States. It employs 70 per cent of those participating in atomic construction work. Soon a national nuclear reactor testing station will be built in the adjoining state of Idaho, on the rolling plains above the Snake River. This area, rich in history, may become the eventual industrial and agricultural citadel of the Northwest.

Thirty miles down the Columbia from Pasco the government has started the $270,000,000 McNary Dam, named for Oregon's late Republican Senator, which will generate more power than Bonneville. Ten miles up the Snake from Pasco, engineers are diamond-drilling to find a foundation for the towering Ice Harbor Dam, which will add to regional hydroelectric stores. Beyond all this, almost 30,000 new farms will be irrigated in the nearby Columbia Basin Project. Indeed, Richland's 23,000 occupants of "the atomic city" will be a ready-made market for much of this produce.

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Many details of the Hanford operation are Top Secret. But the great secret of all concerns the form in which plutonium-239 leaves Hanford. Innumerable gondola cars roll in behind Northern Pacific and Milwaukee locomotives. There is no perceptible movement outbound. Does the new radio-active element leave Hanford in a valise, a duffel bag, or a lead casket many feet thick?

As these questions are bantered about in our auto, a train clatters by on the government railroad. It consists of a yellow-painted diesel engine with the legend "U. S. A." Behind the engine sways one baggage car. For a moment the banter is forgotten. A chill stiffens our spines. Does that one harmless car hold plutonium-239, which can change history? Or does it merely contain the sacks of morning mail from the east for Richland?

The German Managers Take Over

BY PETER DE MENDELSSOHN

Düsseldorf, July

AS I listened to Dr. H—— explaining why the coal-processing plant of which he was in charge should not be dismantled I glanced around his office. The room was small and sparsely furnished, showing none of the sumptuousness in which the traditional German industrial tycoons delighted. Through the window I caught a glimpse of the mighty plant which in spite of some bomb damage is making oil, petrol, washing chemicals, and other things from coal under a process developed during the war. It could also make edible fats from coal but is not allowed to do so. Beyond it stretched the endless Ruhr chimneys, smoking prodigiously.

I glanced at his desk, and sure enough, there was James Burnham's "Managerial Revolution," of which a German translation has just been published. I have visited scores of managerial offices of this type throughout the Ruhr and have found the Burnham bible on the desk of every one. It is significant that the German publishers have changed the original title to "Das Regime der Manager" ("The Regime of the Managers"). It is most significant that the title no longer forecasts but baldly states a fact.

"What do you make of that book?" I asked Dr. H——. "Very interesting, for America," he answered. "Only to us a little out of date, don't you think?" "But the revolution?" I asked. He smiled modestly. "We had Hitler," he answered. I understood what he meant. I had heard it expressed not very differently before. Dr. H—— in this office of his showed that the revolution had taken place. It had put him behind the desk where he was sitting. A full stage in the development of capitalist society had been skipped, and he was conscious of it.

Strictly speaking, Dr. H—— owes nothing to Hitler. The Führer did not put him behind this desk; the Allies did. Dr. H—— never joined Hitler's party or wore his uniform. The year Hitler came to power Dr. H—— was a twenty-one-year old student of chemistry at the University of Leipzig. When Austria and Czechoslovakia were seized, he was working as a research assistant in a modern chemical works. When war broke out, he was technical manager of the plant where I found him; when it was over, he was administrative assistant to the chairman of the board. The chairman and board departed; they had been in the party, they had been *Wehrwirtschaftsführer,* leaders of the war economy, had hobnobbed with Göring. Dr. H—— had not; he had simply put in an enormous amount of highly skilled work. His political past was as non-existent as his professional gifts were outstanding. When the Allies came, he neither fled nor offered his services; he simply stayed at his post. Being the only one around in 1945 who "knew how," he was placed in charge. The Allies wished to break up the big combines; he broke them up for them. They wished to reorganize the industry; he reorganized it for them. Today he is irreplaceable and he knows it.

This Dr. H—— to whom I am listening is a well-dressed man of thirty-seven. He speaks fluent English and French and knows some Spanish and Russian. He has a wife and two children, lives in a modest house, drives a modest car, draws an adequate salary but has no shares in the plant he runs. He belongs to no political party and sits on none of the official German bodies appointed by the Allies, but he can walk into many important doors in the Allied Control Building in Frankfurt without appointment. The inter-Allied quarrel over the future of Germany is of little concern to him except as it may determine the position of his plant in the future pattern of things. How is the industrial pattern, not of Germany but of Europe, of the world, developing? Which is the pattern best suited to the uses and perfection of machinery? That, it seems, and that alone occupies his mind. He is a passionate technocrat.

He told me of his recent journeys in Western Europe. France appalled him, and England made him feel sad. "Any destroyed German city today," he said, "is better

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off for housing than Paris. Ninety per cent of the dwelling space of Paris is in slum condition. And nothing is being done about it. In five years' time we shall be better housed than the Parisians. The French have lost the art of working. A nation that takes three hours off for lunch cannot survive in this world. It is finished.

"The English are lazy, too. They drink too much tea and worry too much about their production instead of minding the machines that are producing. They think in antiquated terms of competition between such relatively small industrial units as Britain and Germany, while their garage mechanics are doing shoddy work. The Americans are also old-fashioned, but at least they are smart. They don't worry about competition but bag the entire continent. But their notions of big business and large profits are antiquated. Technical development and large profits are enemies, we've found that out. No one who is interested in technical development wants war, because war destroys the machinery, and I mean machinery in the widest sense of the word, the machinery of life, if you like. Only technical development can preserve peace, and the larger the consolidated area in which it develops, the securer the peace. Coordinate the technical development in 51 per cent of the world's industrialized area, and there cannot be war. That is what the Americans still don't see."

I do not know how many men of the type and outlook of Dr. H—— there are in the Ruhr, but I am sure they are the real masters of Germany today. It is useless to talk politics to them, or even economics. They will ruthlessly exploit capital and labor alike if it serves to make this country safe for the technocrats and managers. A man like Dr. H—— does not want to see his plant dismantled, but he knows that the arguments against it used by the politicians and trade-unionists and bishops are rubbish, just as those advanced by the Allies for its destruction are insincere or beside the point. One does not destroy good and valuable machinery, for any reason. Machinery, technical development in the widest sociological meaning of the word, determine the political pattern, and Dr. H—— and his fellow-managers are therefore content to let the politicians and priests argue their case for them. The sovereignty of the machine *per se* is what counts for them, and whoever sees that first, whether Russian or American, is their man. If the Adenauers and Schumachers and Cardinal Fringses can only get the dismantling stopped or delayed, the managers are confident that the machines of the Ruhr will, of their own momentum, grind away occupation statute, Ruhr Authority, Security Board, and whatever else stands in their way of assuming full control and teaching the world the new German way of life.

Hongkong: Prosperous But Worried

BY ANDREW ROTH

Hongkong, July 8

HONGKONG has the pace of Shanghai without its feverish instability. The merchandise in its myriad shops is as abundant and colorful as in Manila's, and moves much faster. Its top British society, whose houses dot Hongkong's green peaks, has the unruffled placidity of Singapore's élite and less stiffness.

Hongkong is still calm and prosperous, but it cannot long remain insensitive to the crescendo of events in the countries to which it is so closely bound by trade. In the antiquated but exclusive Hongkong Club one hears British business men eagerly anticipating the future. Hongkong is one of China's two chief entrepôts, and shrewd traders foresee that China's potential "four hundred million customers" may finally turn into a reality as a result of Communist industrialization.

The volume of buying by the Chinese Communists is still small—about 3 per cent of the $50,000,000 (U.S.) worth of trade which goes through the city each month—but it is being rapidly increased as the Communist officials overcome their inexperience and suspicions and the disorganization left by the Kuomintang government. One of the things that make the British optimistic is the fact that the Communists have captured very few vessels and must depend on foreign shipping. Though they attacked the Kuomintang as "traitors" for allowing American ships to operate up the Yangtze, the Communists announced in early June that they would license foreign ships to take loads from one Chinese port to another. This had been forbidden under the Kuomintang.

The Hongkong trading community has been scanning its cables and the press reports from Shanghai with mounting hopes. As the Communists have moved south, their attitude toward foreigners has seemed to become more liberal. They are less strict in North China than in Manchuria, and in Shanghai their policy, particularly toward foreign business men, is even milder. The change is due in part to the experience they have acquired, in part to the fact that Shanghai is a much bigger port city than Tientsin and more dependent on foreign trade. Far-

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sighted Hongkong business men are also encouraged by the type of products the Communists buy. Instead of luxury items they are importing electrical machinery, spare parts, lubricating oils, chemicals, and the like. Although this may mean austerity for middle-class Chinese, the whole level of Chinese economy and its foreign-trade potential will be raised by such imports.

One cannot help being amused by the sweet things British business men in both Hongkong and Shanghai are saying about the Communists. The Chinese owned, pro-Kuomintang Hongkong *Standard,* however, was indignant rather than amused. "These men," it complained, "are inclined to judge the progress of the world solely by their own material progress. . . . For years this community has been denouncing communism and the Communists as a distinct threat to their way of life. But now they . . . are falling all over one another in their efforts to convince the world that the Communists are not such bad fellows after all. . . . Apparently [they are] convinced that the words 'good' and 'bad' are merely weak and idealistic synonyms for 'profit' and 'loss.' " One notes, too, that the tendency to accord the victorious Chinese Communists a welcoming smile is not restricted to the Hongkong British community. Foreign Minister Bevin himself said at the Labor Party conference at Blackpool on June 9, "We are not approaching this [China] problem on any Communist, anti-Communist, Kuomintang, or any other basis; we have never intervened in Chinese internal affairs." He added that Britain was ready to trade and carry on as before if China would allow it.

The key to British policy lies in the trade that streams through the port; goods from all over are brought in in everything that floats, from giant liners to little high-pooped, brown-sailed junks. Britain is still in the "export or die" stage, and Hongkong is its great "shop window in the East." As a result of very intelligent economic policies the colony has made a wonderful post-war comeback. In 1948 its trade of over $700,000,000 (U. S.) was three times as large as before the war and its 1949 trade, thus far, has been still greater. Last year Hongkong found a market for more than $60,000,000 worth of British goods and built up hard-currency credits by shipping an additional $58,000,000 worth to the United States and the Philippines. Hongkong also provides millions of "invisible exports" for Britain by being the Far East's banking, insurance, and warehouse center and the base for many of the leading British shipping lines. These profits can continue only if the city has a friendly hinterland. Only a fourth of its trade is with China—counting that with Macao—but this fourth is the largest single chunk and the stabilizing factor.

Many leaders of the British community are anxious to get an even larger portion of the China trade by establishing friendly relations with the Communists. They cannot conceal their glee that the United States has gone so far out on the pro-Kuomintang limb, and they hope that before it is able to climb down—under constant harassment from the Chennaults, Bullitts, and Luces—Britain will have the trade sewed up. The conservative South China *Morning Post* recently suggested that the Communists should be recognized as soon as Canton falls. Local officialdom, while not so outspoken, will undoubtedly exert pressure on the Foreign Office not to wait on Washington. It is indicative that the local Communist spokesman, Chiao Mu, was invited to the press reception for the new Colonial Secretary at the end of May. Chiao Mu has been in the colony two years, but this was his first official invitation.

ALTHOUGH the main Communist forces are more than 200 miles away from Hongkong, there are many pockets of guerrillas much closer, in adjoining Kwangtung. In a few weeks at most the reinforced British units here expect to confront the victorious, battle-hardened Communist troops at the border. The British are frankly puzzled as to Communist intentions toward Hongkong. On several occasions when I have gone to interview British officials, I have found myself being closely questioned because I had lived two months under Communist rule. The Chinese Communists have not for years made any official statements on Hongkong, limiting themselves to unofficial assurances that the problem could be solved by negotiation. In the meantime they have taken advantage of Hongkong's hospitality to conduct a daily press service, the New China News Agency, and to publish a newspaper, *Hwa Hsiang Pao,* and an English-language fortnightly, the *China Digest.* Some well-informed observers think the Communists have even used Hongkong as a communications center to coordinate their various South China guerrilla groups.

The mountainous island of Hongkong—in Chinese "Fragrant Anchorage"—then undeveloped and sparsely inhabited—was pried from China by the British in 1842, after the "Opium War." Kowloon, on the mainland, facing Hongkong across Victoria Harbor, was acquired as a result of the 1860 war on China. The lease for the New Territories, beyond Kowloon, was extracted from the tottering Manchus in 1898. Britain, on the defensive, claims that the present thriving colony has been built up from nothing by British commercial initiative and capital. The fact that it is now bursting at the seams with a population of over 2,000,000, 98 per cent of whom are Chinese, is considered a tribute to Britain's ability to maintain order and a stable currency in the midst of turbulence and a runaway inflation.

Chinese nationalists of all hues insist that Hongkong is as much a part of China as any of the other territorial concessions extorted when China was weak. They maintain that Hongkong was built by Chinese labor paid out of the profits of trade with China. The force of this idea

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in the hands of a nationalist-revolutionary organization was demonstrated in 1925-27, when Hongkong was twice paralyzed by general strikes instigated by the then revolutionary Kuomintang.

On Hongkong's packed, polyglot sidewalks one meets now the pale recruits of the Leicestershire Regiment, recently arrived from England, and the bronzed veterans of the Fourth Hussars, posted here from Malaya. The garrison of 4,000 is being tripled. In the harbor the cruisers Belfast and Jamaica and three destroyers ride at anchor. These reinforcements are useful to convince the Communists and the uncertain Chinese middle class here that Britain intends to hold on, but no serious military observer thinks they are sufficient to defend the colony against a determined onslaught. Some authorities claim the situation is better now because Britain has air and sea superiority, as it did not have in 1941. But there is another major difference. In 1941 the Chinese population supported Britain against the Japanese. In a battle to regain Hongkong for China the best-organized Chinese elements would actively aid the Communists, and the majority would be at least passively anti-British.

MANY British here take comfort from the fact that several United States naval vessels, including a heavy cruiser, are at present in the harbor. Vice-Admiral Oscar Badger has made it clear that he would like to see Hongkong remain in British hands as a "window on China" and a friendly naval base, particularly now that Tsingtao is lost; but it is a question how far the State Department will support this view. Other British officials make much of the fact that if the Communists attack Hongkong it would mean war. They forget that the city can be crippled without such an attack. Some of the approximately 5,000 Communists here have important positions in the utilities unions and in the larger of the two major labor federations and could call a disastrous general strike. Trade with China, the foundation of the colony's existence, could be cut off. In view of these facts some of the military chiefs are believed to regret the publicity given the sending in of reinforcements as provocative.

Few local volunteers have been obtained for Hongkong's defense. The workers think only of how to earn enough to cope with the colony's high cost of living. The politically conscious Chinese—intellectuals, professional men, and students—resent the fact that few educated Chinese are given top jobs in the Hongkong government owing to the so-called "European appointments." They also protest against the lack of popular representation, except as window-dressing. Even the minor reforms now being proposed will not fundamentally alter this situation. Colonial Secretary Arthur Creech Jones has explained it as due to Hongkong's "apathy."

Against this background the "Societies Ordinance," enacted on the day the Communists entered Shanghai,

appears to some people an insensitive if not provocative move. Political parties with "foreign," that is, Chinese connections are banned. Already the Kuomintang and some of the "middle parties" have had to dissolve. The Communists do not have any above-ground organization, and the police, curiously enough, expect less trouble from genuine Communists than from "bandwagon-jumpers" who try to stand in well with the party by being super-militant. Politically informed Chinese consider the ban a restriction on their political rights; particularly objectionable in their view are the accompanying police powers of search and arrest. The shrillest complaint came from distant Peiping, where nine pro-Communist political organizations—but not the Communists themselves—attacked the measure as "anti-Chinese" and claimed that it has made Hongkong a "police state." The leading signatory of the protest was Marshal Li Chi-sen, chairman of the Kuomintang Revolutionary Committee,who used Hongkong as a sounding-board for over a year before he went to Peiping.

Actually Hongkong's strongest defense today is its economic position. The Communists have given top priority to industrialization and economic reconstruction but have very few ships and no foreign credits. Russia's exports are preempted, and the United States can hardly beat an immediate retreat from its pro-Kuomintang position. Hongkong can supply the ships and finance the barter deals which the Communists want. Today the Chinese Communists can buy anything they want through Hongkong, even critical materials which Britain would not sell to the U. S. S. R. or its European satellites. "While we are entitled to warn the reds that we shall fully resist any attempt to overthrow the sovereignty of Hongkong," the Hongkong *Telegraph* said recently, "overtures based on the traditional friendship between Hongkong and China and recognition of their mutual interests may do more than a display of bristling bayonets in winning from the Communists their respect and their willingness to live in peace with this colony."

The best-informed opinion here feels that for economic reasons the Chinese Communists will not really threaten Hongkong for at least two years, although they may bring some political pressure. Earlier action is to be feared only if World War III seems imminent, in which case the Communists will probably want to smash in this "window on China."

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Essays and Asides

FORD MADOX FORD

BY MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

THE rough justice and grim irony that dogged Ford Madox Ford in life pursue him after his death in France ten years ago this summer. Today all his eighty books are, I suppose, out of print. He figures rarely, if at all, among the century's ranking novelists. Ignored or slighted in later life in his own country, he received there, on dying, the official obloquy and grudging sarcasm of obituarists of "The Establishment." (The only decent memorial notice I remember seeing was Graham Greene's in the *Spectator*.) France and America gave him such success as he finally came by, but after serving literature for fifty years in three countries, his only official honor was a degree from Olivet College, Michigan, of which he was gratefully proud. The irony persists even in the memoir by Douglas Goldring which was called "The Last Pre-Raphaelite" when it was published last year in London and now appears here as "Trained for Genius" (Dutton, $3.75).

Much as he exploited his Pre-Raphaelite ancestry, Ford knew the liability that glamorous inheritance laid on him. He was "trained for genius" all too overpoweringly. It took him a large part of his life to find his real work as a writer. A sense of insecurity in his revered vocation never wholly left him. But it will be unfortunate if these titles mislead Mr. Goldring's readers. He was Ford's staunchest English friend; he writes with a mixture of amused realism and stubborn respect about the man he has always considered his literary guide and master; and he has never forgotten the debt he owed Ford for being taken on, at twenty-one in 1908, as sub-editor of the *English Review,* thus gaining privileged access to the highest conclaves of modern literature. This book is, in fact, the second of Mr. Goldring's tributes. In 1943 he published in London a memoir called "South Lodge." Its pages are not incorporated in the present volume, which is a pity, for "South Lodge" is a better book than this one—a vivid evocation of the part of Ford's history Mr. Goldring knew at first hand, with a brilliant picture of literary and social London on the eve of 1914, a sound account of Ford's successes and miseries in that remote era, and a haunting portrait of Violet Hunt, that embattled "woman who did," from her disastrous entry into Ford's life until she died at eighty, alone, unforgetting, deranged, among her houseful of trophies, while the bombs of 1942 provided "the orchestral thunder of a dying age."

Mr. Goldring's will not be the last word on Ford. His biography is without exact scholarship, and his criticism, though roughly valid, yields to defensive polemic. Ford made a deathbed request against biographies. His American legatee honored this wish by refusing to cooperate. The Paris years are merely sketched, and the chapter on Ford's American career is completely inadequate, since none of Ford's important friends here were consulted. It is, moreover, a bold biographer who would venture on this task at all. Ford's own accounts of himself—"Thus to Revisit," "Ancient Lights," "Return to Yesterday," "It Was the Nightingale"—were, for all their richness of content, always unreliable and often fantastic: "impressions of truth" according to their author, congenital lying according to his enemies, incredible, embarrassing, wheezily garrulous even to his friends, with their quagmires of yarn-spinning and stories that never quite jibed twice. Had he really been dandled by Turgenev, had his chair stolen at a concert by Liszt, modeled for Densher in "The Wings of the Dove," gone to Eton, attended the Sorbonne? The reader could never be sure. And beyond these erratic records lies a muddle of gossip and legend and what a host of ladies had to say about their parts in it—Violet Hunt's "I Have This To Say: the Story of My Flurried Years," Jean Rhys's "After Leaving Mr. McKenzie," Stella Bowen's "Drawn from Life," and a cloud of other documents in scandal, defense, and litigation. Ford had a genius for making messes. Even his strokes of fortune—friendship with James, collaboration with Conrad, contacts with Wells, Bennett, and other Edwardian talents, brilliant editorship of the *English Review* and the *Transatlantic* —were riddled by misunderstanding or mismanagement. His ventures in and out of marriage became an epic of error and tactlessness. Nor does the case become simpler when his file of eighty books and massive journalism are tackled. Novels, verse, essays, criticism, memoirs, biographies, travels, histories, sociology, they range from pot-boiling meretriciousness to distinction, the incessant outpourings of a polygraph who apparently wrote something every day of his life from fifteen to sixty-six. Criticism has hardly begun to make something of this vast bulk of print. (Mr. Robie Macauley's perceptive essay in the spring *Kenyon Review,* though it idealizes rather drastically at several points, may initiate a serious assessment and revival of Ford's achievement.)

The fact is that Ford's aesthetic origins and associations served him both well and badly. They made it impossible for him to live any other life than that of literature, and to live it whole-souledly and passionately. They also made it impossible for him ever quite to sell himself to journalism, propaganda, or profitably slick mass-producton like such comparable polygraphs as Wells and Maugham. They kept him through five decades a lover of good writing, original talent, authentic invention. But his dedication to form, style, and the *mot juste,* coupled with his habit of pontificating, desire to *faire école* at all costs, and compulsive addiction to paper ("an old man mad about writing"), likewise kept him writing, prosing, repeating himself, when there was, very often, little actual substance to work on. Style, technique, manner, method were kept grinding away, half the time saying little and producing what can be, for long

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stretches, a garrulously tiresome parody of his intentions.

The better Ford was not a man spinning literature spiderwise out of his own entrails. For all his social, political, religious, and personal inconsistencies, he was a man who lived through and in his age. He never betrayed what Mr. Goldring rightly calls his highest merit, his unswerving loyalty to "The Standard of Values" and to the art that supported that standard when, in a demoralized and violent time, every other support was likely to fail. He was also a man who, though often mistaken, pretentious, foolish, or deluded, was never essentially self-deceived. He knew in his own life the risks, ignominy, and treacheries of his period. Whenever he drew on his two soundest resources—his instinct of honor, his generous sense of justice—he wrote out of a saving reserve of character. He could locate and trace the problem of honor in history—the Katherine Howard trilogy or "Ladies Whose Bright Eyes"—and find an original means to define it there. He could define it even better in his own age—"The Good Soldier" and the Tietjens series—the first, as Greene says, "a study of an averagely good man of a conventional class driven, divided, and destroyed by unconventional passion," the second an "appalling examination of how private malice goes on through public disaster," both of them to be counted among "the novels which stand as high as any fiction written since the death of James." This estimate is high, perhaps, like Mr. Goldring's, finally too high, but if it errs it does so on the side of justice.

Traditionalist, *révolté*, Catholic, skeptic, "small producer," aesthete, royalist, democrat, ritual-lover, iconoclast, fond father, erring husband, harassed lover, loyal to England, Germany, France, America—he was all of these by turns and never fully succeeded in localizing his civil or artistic loyalties. He came to reject half his work as "worthless," wrote day after day, found joy elusive and trouble constant, died at last in poverty (yet with two hundred manuscripts by young writers in his possession, recipients of his unflagging care and encouragement), was written off as "dated" in England, soon forgotten in France, unread even in America. "But," said Graham Greene, "I don't suppose failure disturbed him much: he had never really believed in human happiness, his middle life had been made miserable by passion, and he had come through, with his humor intact, his stock of unreliable anecdotes, the kind of enemies a man ought to have, and a half-belief in a posterity which would care for good writing."

Mr. Goldring presents Ford complete with all his errors and faults but with his honor intact too and with what D. H. Lawrence, who owed his debut to Ford and the *English Review* and who could understand Ford's kind of ordeal, called the "dove-gray kindliness" by which he served literature. "There was none too much of it left in the world, after Ford's departure," adds Mr. Goldring, "which is no doubt one of the reasons why some of us, who knew him, cherish his memory." For those who didn't know him, Ford left other, less elusive evidence. It remains their task to know the evidence and, now that a decade of posthumous probation has passed, to respect him for it.

RAY LYMAN WILBUR

BY ALBERT GUÉRARD

VOLTAIRE, blessing newborn America in the person of Franklin's grandson, said: "God and Liberty." We have amended that eighteenth century creed into: "Efficiency and Liberty." On both counts, Ray Lyman Wilbur was *Homo Americanus* par excellence, a great liberal, and efficiency in absolute purity. He was the perfect executive: he saw, diagnosed, decided in a flash. Not through intuition: unlike David Starr Jordan, he was no poet and no prophet. But his powerful and intricate thinking machine was constantly in perfect order. Not a squeak, not a whirr. A stupendous normalcy.

That unique machine worked equally well in three fields: medicine, government, education. Two of these fields are completely alien to me: I must leave it to others to appraise his achievements, which, I understand, were of the highest order. Even in education, I am aware of my incompetence, for I never took a vital interest in administration. Under Wilbur, the business of the university proceeded without fuss or bluster; its smoothness was so perfect as to seem automatic. The true executive is self-effacing. In the pandemonium of registration day, a freshman burst into Wilbur's office and requested him to help her fill her formidable registration booklet. He did so, I am sure, with the economy of words and motion which he practiced in all things. Then he asked her: "Why did you pick on me?" "Why, you were the only person round who seemed to have nothing to do." "This," Wilbur added, "was the highest praise I ever received as a President."

But he was not a mere coordinator and trouble-shooter (economically, he shot trouble before it occurred). He had views of his own, which seemed to me far-sighted and wise. His was a scientific, experimental, and therefore radical mind. He did not go out of his way to challenge tradition; but he would quietly ignore tradition if it became an obstacle. He had the spirit of the pioneer: more than his record would show, for he was hampered by the forces of inertia, trustees, alumni, faculty. So, against his well-known desires, the lower division was preserved, because Stanford must have a team; and the little Maginot lines of the departments could not be removed, for they protected the vested interests of the specialists. One wonders what Wilbur would have achieved, if he had had a free hand.

But a free hand for one means subserviency for the rest: autocracy. And Wilbur, who would have been the perfect instrument of a dictator—a *cientifico* under Diaz—hated dictatorship. Swift to decide, swift to assume responsibility, swift to act when not opposed, he never desired to ignore or stifle opposition. He gave his best to his two ideals, efficiency and liberty: but if a conflict should arise between the two, his choice was unhesitating. Even though democracy (by which he meant, not party politics, but freedom of thought, speech, and action) should lead to "sloppiness"—his own word—he would submit to the sloppiness he abominated, if the alternative was dictatorial efficiency.

So Stanford's motto, "The wind of freedom blows," was a verity under him. In all the years I was associated with him, I never had the slightest misgiving about my academic freedom, which I used to the full. In many things, we did not see eye to eye: individual-

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ists cannot be standardized, and their first right is to choose their side of the barricades. But because of this free choice, each respects his opponent; and because of this respect, most barricades appear rather paltry things. No difference between us ever made me doubt his good will, his sanity, his integrity.

Six foot five at least, lank, gaunt, hatchet-faced, his cavernous eyes deepened by a rim of blue, Wilbur belonged physically to the race of Lincoln—almost a fossil breed today. He was more taut than the Emancipator, and less obviously humane. He was not, in appearance or manners, a man of the people, folksy. But with a few chosen friends, particularly the members of his own class at Stanford, he could be a good companion, and a capital cook on a camping trip. Like Lincoln, he had humor: his own brand, unexpected, spare, with a sharp flinty tang.

Once some city in Southern California felt aggrieved because Bailey Willis, the great vulcanologist, had mentioned the possibility of another earthquake in that region. It hurt real estate and the tourist trade; Bailey Willis was an enemy of the people, engaged in nefarious un-American activities. A deputation urged Wilbur to use his authority and suppress Bailey Willis. Wilbur replied drily: "It might be simpler to suppress the earthquake."

The Cycle of Cathay

THE HISTORY OF CHINESE SOCIETY: LIAO (907-1125). By Karl A. Wittfogel and Feng Chia-sheng. The Macmillan Company. $12.50.

THE word "Cathay" has fired the imagination of many writers in the West for a long time. It was not known how loosely the name was applied. "Cathay" is derived from Khitan or Ch'itan. The early Ch'itan were a powerful pastoral people who lived by keeping herds of cattle and horses, hunting, and fishing. Their laws and religions were primitive, their cultural level far below that of their neighbors in China proper. The Ch'itan swarmed out of southeastern Mongolia and moved down to the plains of North China, where they founded the Liao Empire, ruling for two hundred years the territories known today as Manchuria, Mongolia, and the northeastern part of China proper (907-1125 A.D.).

In the middle of the thirteenth century Western travelers visited the Mongols of inner Asia. Although this was but the anteroom of Chinese culture, from that time the word Cataya, Cathaia (Rubreck) or Kitaia (Carpini) was used in the West to designate the Chinese world. Marco Polo, Odoric, Ibn Batuta, and Rashid ad-Din distinguished between Mangi (South China) and Cathay. But it was the term "Cathay" of the Liao empire that caught on in the West. Columbus and John Cabot set out to discover "Cathay." "Beyond Petsora eastward, to the rich Cathaian coast," wrote Milton. And Tennyson, "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay."

Here is a definitive work on that old empire of Cathay which shows just how Chinese it was, and wasn't. Here is the social history of that time, dealing with the economic, cultural, political, and military institutions of the Liao empire, and the relations between its nomad founders and the subject Chinese. The authors, K. A. Wittfogel and Feng Chia-sheng, have dug deep into both Eastern and Western sources, and they make use of modern techniques in the studies of economics, sociology, and anthropology to interpret the great complexity of Chinese society. Altogether they have left no stone unturned in their examination of Chinese institutions.

Yule, Chavannes, Pelliot, and Stein, among the greatest traditional scholars, assert that the Ch'itan soon adopted the manners, ceremonies, literature, and civilization of the Chinese, to the point of losing their original tribal identities. Mr. Sheng and Mr. Wittfogel seem to have begun their investigation on this assumption. But the farther they went, the less their findings bore it out. The Ch'itan maintained the center of their political and military power in their old tribal territory, northern Jehol, they kept their own traditions and religious beliefs, and they held to their pastoral manner of living, even while controlling North China proper. At court, where Chinese food was enjoyed, they nonetheless retained their un-Chinese predilection for dairy products. Whereas the Chinese and other subjugated people depended mostly on farming, the Ch'itan still hunted and lived off their herds, with the soldiers depending on fermented mare's milk or kumiss for their main nourishment.

In the translation of Marriage of a Princess there are notes relating to the marriage customs of the Ch'itan and related tribes. Wife-stealing was an established convention—not the stealing of somebody else's wife, but the stealing of a girl. In the springtime when flowers bloomed the Ch'itan men and women

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danced and played on their guitars. There were horse-racing parties, gambling parties, drinking parties, and flirting parties. Parents who took a walk might find that their daughters had been kidnapped. A month later they would receive news from the abductor, not a demand for ransom but a kind of marriage announcement. Even when two families had come to an understanding, the young man was supposed to steal and carry off his intended bride.

When the Liao empire collapsed in 1125, most of the people continued to live in their northeastern homelands, which were at first controlled by the Chin or Golden State, then by the Mongol empire. Some of the Ch'itan people however, under the leadership of Yeh-lu Ta-Shih, escaped the invading Chin and ventured into Turkestan, where for almost a century they maintained the western Liao empire, better known by its Altaic name, Qura or Black Khitay.

This work demonstrates that the absorption theory is not applicable to the Ch'itan. Rather it confirms Linton's thesis that the complete merging of two cultures is not to be expected so long as each society continues its separate existence.

"The History of Chinese Society: Liao" is the fruit of fifteen years of research and experiment. The selections from the dynastic histories of China which are used as basic sources of information have been carefully made, and the translations included are as faithful as one could find. The result is a study of an important period of an important country. It should be on the shelf of Sinologues and of every lay reader of history who would like to clarify his ignorance of China's heritage.

YOUNGHILL KANG

Near East, Third Phase

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE MIDDLE EAST. By George E. Kirk. Public Affairs Press. $3.75.

THAT the Middle East today is a global center of gravity is clear even to the casual newspaper reader. To the average follower of political affairs this is a very recent development, more recent than the concept "global" and about as new as the term "Middle East" itself—an uncontrolled outcropping of World War II days. The fact is, however, that we are witnessing at present the third major cycle of Near East prominence in world affairs. The vast surge of Islam in the Middle Ages constituted the second cycle, while the first half of recorded history, during which the Near East was the cultural center of the Old World, was almost exclusively a regional monopoly. The importance of that region to the modern world is based on more than a prodigious thirst for oil; and many of the forces that now agitate the Near East were already at play in ancient times.

A comprehensive history of the Near East has long been wanting. Carl Brockelmann's "History of the Islamic Peoples" is a competent work, but it fails to relate the story adequately to most recent times. The book under review, on the other hand, is essentially up to date, two-thirds of it being concerned with the twentieth century. It is a sober and honest account by a careful student and trained observer. For all these reasons Mr. Kirk's book is to be welcomed. Because of the urgent and manifold need for a proper treatment of the subject, this reviewer wishes that the welcome could be warm and unqualified. With all due allowances, however, it has to be a good deal less than that.

Even in capsulated form a really useful history of the Near East has to reach farther back than Mr. Kirk's work does. The sketch of the background is strictly stereotype, affording no insight into the forces that started the region on its dynamic course through world history; and it leaves the reader with little awareness of the fact that the Near East today is essentially the product of conditions antedating Islamic, Byzantine, and Hellenistic times. The present maze of ethnic and religious minorities in the Near East, with all the attendant strains, rivalries, and political machinations, can scarcely be understood and evaluated without reference to the past.

The author has taken great pains to be objective, but his efforts in this respect have not proved uniformly successful. Some of the quotations which he adduces will be regarded as one-sided. The philosophical and religious comments which Mr. Kirk has introduced into his text may be perfectly in order as personal opinions but seem out of place in their present context. Occasionally there creeps in a note of intolerance: "Islam has fallen into such a state of moral, intellectual, and spiritual catalepsy that it will take many decades, if not centuries, to reanimate the inert hulk; and it is doubtful if outside forces, whether the impact of the Anglo-American world or that of Soviet Russia, will give traditional Islam so long a respite." British policy in the area is not handled with quite the impartiality that other British historians—notably A. J. Toynbee and H. A. R. Gibb—have been able to achieve. In short, "A Short History of the Middle East" is a useful book but one that should not be read uncritically. It is history with a cultured British, not to say Anglican, accent.

E. A. SPEISER

How to Invest

THE INTELLIGENT INVESTOR. By Benjamin Graham. Harper. $3.50.

MORE people in this country have more money to invest than ever before; it would be a calamity not only to themselves but to the whole economy if they did not invest it wisely. An investment counselor here gives common-sense advice which can prudently be utilized by those capable of withstanding the temptation to play the market. United States Savings bonds, he says, should form a large part of every portfolio, since they are riskless, yield a comparatively good return, and can be used for income as well as for appreciation of principal. For the rest a wise choice of common stocks is best, provided one can apply sound principles of selection and investment management. What these principles are he explains lucidly, though it may be difficult for some to follow them in practice.

G. S.

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Drama Notes

THE DANCE and its derivatives are by far the liveliest elements in "Miss Liberty" (Imperial Theater) which is on the whole an assortment of dead or dying wood. The show is saved, up to a point, by Jerome Robbins's ballet numbers, by the youth, charm, and skill of the boys and girls who perform them—and by Allyn McLerie, in the title role. Miss McLerie has a talent for acting but she would not be half so effective if it were not for her lightness and skill of movement, which are based on ballet. By contrast, Mary McCarty's conventional, hearty—and quite likeable—musical comedy style seems rather lumbering and earthbound. (She could learn something from Ethel Griffies, an old trouper who manages to give the same style a fresh humorous turn.) Eddie Albert struck me as limp and lifeless and no actor, but his part was also limp and lifeless and sounded as if it had been written to order for the radio.

Irving Berlin's score contains the very good song, An Old-Fashioned Walk, and another quite good one, Just One Way to Say I Love You. The rest is passable but uninspired. As for Robert E. Sherwood's book—the plot is no sillier than most musical comedy plots, but the script is laced with "democratic" corn that is embarrassing and tiresome; and the solemn choral rendering of Emma Lazarus's lines, "Give me your tired, your poor," provides the most trying moment of the evening.

Studio 7 (Provincetown Playhouse) is honoring the centennial of August Strindberg by presenting his play "The Father." It is very much worth seeing, in spite of the fact that the acting is far from adequate. The play deals with the war between men and women in terms, mainly psychological, that are still relevant, though it was written in the eighties; more important, it is the work of a man of insight and passion who also commanded a detachment that makes his characterizations as convincing as they are diverse. The plays of Strindberg are practically unknown in this country. They deserve to be known, and Studio 7 has done a good service in producing this one.

M. M.

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Films

MANNY FARBER

A quietly dignified fame attaches to Producer Louis De Rochemont who developed his pseudo-documentary style—real life stories reduced to streamlined banality—in "March of "Time" and three fact-packed movies* stuffed with sober, official hot air. The DR style is easily spotted: its sanitary realism is midway between Norman Corwin and Walker Evans, it avoids the problems of human relations and glories in objects, job-routines, and skills (how to fall on one's head without breaking it). Its Hero is an institution like the FBI, and its trademark is the dignified, know-it-all narrator whose voice drips with confidence in an America that is like a Watson Business Machine. His terrain-conscious titles spotlight De Rochemont's managerial outlook in which the postoffice, Parish House dance, time-honored remark ("Some fighting man may lose his life because of this, Miss Richmond.") are the determinants that shape, protect, and dominate Americans, lucky cogs in a golden social machine. Aiming at spontaneity, his writers dote on the actions, remarks, and facial expressions made most often by Americans; in no movies do characters spend so many serious moments and such concentrated energy on pedestrian actions like parking a car and walking to a telephone, the implication being that a commonplace culture is full, rich living. Unlike his other films, De Rochemont's latest, "Lost Boundaries," is mildly poignant, has a simple, direct honesty (Director Werker had a much smaller budget), and tells a good story dedicated to the idea that silence about being a Negro is golden if you can get away with it. Though it is over-populated by creamy people, friendly smiles, the least exciting real-life talk ("You'll have to excuse me, I'm not the ballroom type."), it has a homespun, non-Hollywood plainness unmatched in current movies, even by "The Quiet One."

It is based on the fascinating biography of New Hampshire's Dr. Albert Johnson—twenty-eight years a Negro, twenty years a white, then colored again by courtesy of the Navy—and is the second round in the movie battle with the Negro problem. The benevolent writers—working in studios where as far as I know there are no colored directors, writers, or cameramen—so far have placed their Negroes in almost unprejudiced situations, presented only one type of pleasant, well-adjusted individual, and given him a superior job in a white society. The light-skinned Negro couple (played like Mother Hen and Young Lincoln by Beatrice Pearson and Mel Ferrer) are passive, innocuous, duty-happy creatures totally unscarred by discrimination except for an anxious flutter in the mother's voice and the melancholy stare of the father who looks as though he had just remembered getting a parking ticket that morning. They are mournfully stoical, quietly dignified, and custom-built for upright citizenship; they personify as Moss did in "Home of the Brave" the current movies argument that the Negro will be accepted if he lives according to the rules of the stuffiest white gentility.

A few scenes with authentic bite—a Goya-like view of Lenox Avenue highlighting grotesque faces, ambling Dead End Kids, clusters of suspicious Negroes—are inserted to show the results of brutal segregation. Next to the sticky depiction of the folksy, respectable characters in Keene, New Hampshire, these shots tend to make the audience feel that the macabre position of the Negro is due to mysterious factors that have nothing to do with small-town America and probably stems from the fact that the Negro on his own does not know how to live. After all of these demi-tasse

* 13 *Rue Madeleine, House on 92nd Street, Boomerang!*

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versions of the Negro problem are filmed, none of them will come close in cinematic power to the greatest of all films, the unfortunately anti-Negro "Birth of a Nation"; the movie progressives as yet seem frightened of authentic emotions and to lack the nerve to deal with prejudice at its primitive, ugly level.

"Lost Boundaries" is an affecting, wholesome affair held down by De Rochemont's belief that the documentary should be safe, artless, and free of variety. The photographer's head evidently comes off if he tries anything but the orthodox, group-portrait composition: central details a little above screen center, neither close to nor far from the camera. The prime concerns in composition are that there shall be no exercise of taste—either good or bad—and that every detail shall be crystal clear and easily understood. This, plus the spontaneous energy lost through reconstructed realism, leads to compositions as spineless as vanilla pudding and a non-atmospheric movie that seems to have been scrubbed with Spic 'n Span. There is a Henry Ford-like passion for traditional American architecture, all of it looking mended and polished, and the people carefully devitalized so that they don't steal the scene from the decor. One of the exceptions is a casually constructed scene between teen-aged sweethearts in a river-side setting where everything—clumsily sincere talk, troubled movement, flexible camerawork and directing—is geared beautifully to a rustic landscape and an intense, adolescent grappling with prejudice. These smooth, even-paced documentaries are a catch-all for actors from grocery stores, straw-hat circuits, and Broadway, but most of the actors behave as though they were being watched by the FBI for any outrageous display of individuality. A few scenes in which the movie comes to life occur when it deals with the doctor's daughter (Susan Douglas); Miss Douglas is busy being her intense, sober-mouse self, poignantly and credibly touched by the ramifications of discrimination. All the others—hawk-faced New Englanders and silky Negroes—act as though they were on a two-day furlough from real-life to create a poster-like portrait to show the virtues of the Democratic Man of Tomorrow.

Music

B. H. HAGGIN

ON THE biographical first half of Herbert Weinstock's "Chopin: The Man and His Music" (Knopf, $5) I have no comment to make; of the critical examination of each of Chopin's works in the second half I would say that it reminds me of a woman presuming with little airs and graces of manner and movement on an alluring beauty and charm she doesn't possess. Mr. Weinstock, that is, writes with a grand assurance in the critical insight, judgment, and taste that in fact are absent from what he says about the pieces of music. His detailed account of the course of events in each piece is a clutter of musical bookkeeping about everything except the life and personality of the piece, which it is the critic's task to reveal, and which Mr. Weinstock is evidently unable to give the slightest intimation of.

In the country this summer I am playing records on equipment limited in range (possibly to 5000 cycles) by the amplifier and speaker of the RCA Victor Demonstration Model phonograph, with which I am using a G. E. variable reluctance cartridge—with .003 stylus for 78 r.p.m. records or .001 for Columbia LP and Victor 45 r.p.m.—in an Astatic 400 arm, and a motor capable of all three required speeds.

Even with this limited-range equipment, I have had to reduce the treble for Columbia's LP version (ML-4143) of the recent Budapest Quartet recording of Mozart's Quintet K.406, to rid the violin sound of its unpleasant shrillness. The over-all sound is better on LP than on 78, but even on LP it remains wooden and shallow and coarse, as against the agreeable quality and the solidity of the LP version of the Budapest recording of the Quintet K.593 on the reverse side. The two quintets make an unusually good coupling on the record.

The LP version (ML-4142) of the recent Philadelphia Orchestra recording of Prokofiev's "Scythian Suite" has the characteristics I recall of the 78 version: the richness and refinement of over-all sound, the receding and indistinctness of soft passages. And I notice in the LP that even the loud concluding movement is unclear. I can't imagine what led Columbia to think the person who liked this work would also like Respighi's "Feste Romane," which is on the reverse side.

Mozart's Symphony K.385 ("Haffner") gets a tight, abrupt, graceless performance from Reiner and the Pittsburgh Symphony, which is worse with the compressed and unpleasant sound of the LP version (ML-4156) than with the slightly more spacious sound of the 78 (MM-836, $4.15). The LP version of the Pittsburgh recording of Bach's Suite No. 2 for flute and strings, on the reverse side, is good.

One of Columbia's best orchestral recordings, both on 78 (MM-834, $5.20) and LP (ML-2044), is wasted on Rimsky-Korsakov's boring "Antar" Suite. The performance in which Leinsdorf conducts the Cleveland Orchestra lacks the sensuous grace that the music calls for.

On my summer equipment I have played RCA Victor's 45 r.p.m. versions of three recent recordings: of Mozart's Concerto K.191 for bassoon, performed by Toscanini with the N. B. C. Symphony and Leonard Sharrow (WDM-1304, $2.20), Mozart's Serenade K.361 for 13 wind instruments, performed by Koussevitzky with members of the Boston Symphony (WDM-1303, $4.30), and the songs of Dowland, sung by Aksel Schiotz (49-0406, $.95). The sound of all three is superbly clear and clean; and the background quiet adds to the pleasure. The one defect is that of the particular pressing I received of the serenade—in which several sides are off-center and waver in pitch.

And in general I would question the

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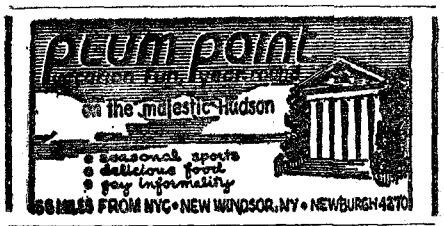

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price of thirty cents for the little envelope holding the two records of the concerto and the little sheet of notes on the work; or the price of fifty cents for the little paper carton holding the four records of the serenade.

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The second instalment of Notes on an English Journey by Margaret Marshall will appear next week.

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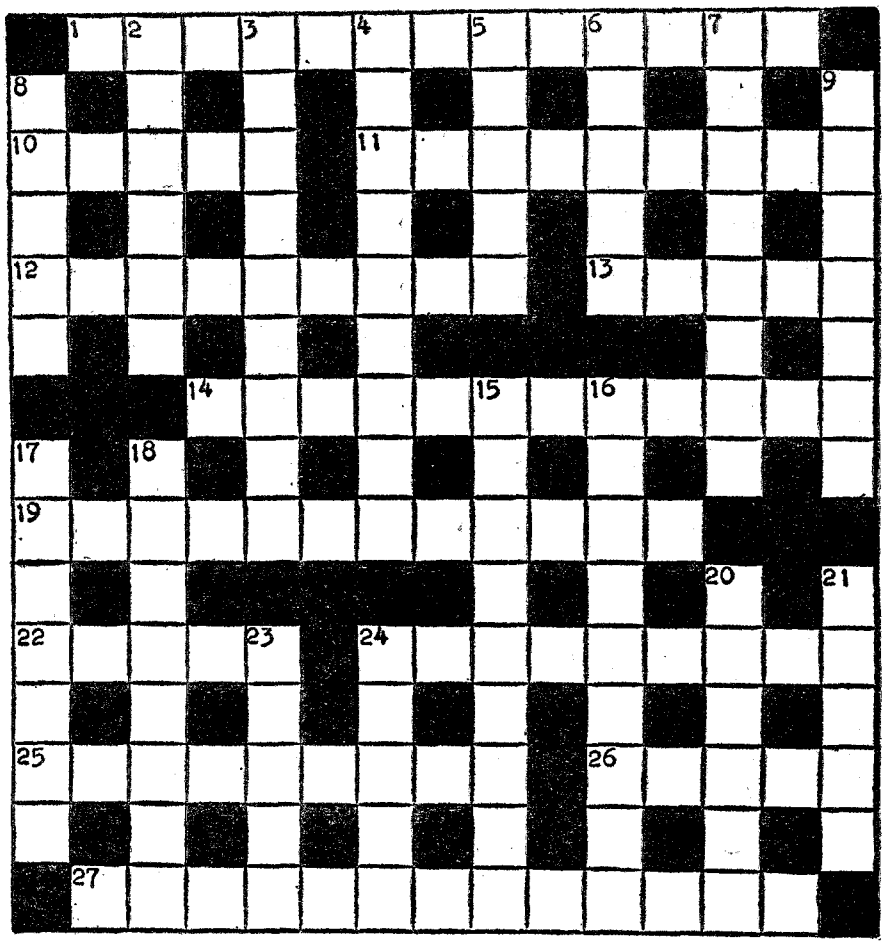

ACROSS

1 Bold but hazardous undertaking with considerable following. (13)
10 The Red River of the Ford? (5)
11 Olive aims to show spirit. (9)
12 Ephesian's predecessor. (9)
13 Nice surroundings for the capital of Egypt. (5)
14 Game, perhaps, but might still be two-faced. (6-6)
19 Exhibition of a ten-ton spire. (12)
22 Horatio's relation. (5)
24 Act like Fabian. (9)
25 Later Goth movement is more than one piece. (9)
26 Habituate. (5)
27 A messenger TNT exploded. (13)

DOWN

2 and 18. What both Janus and a 14 should show, on the face of it! (6, 8)
3 It seems that only *hoi poiloi* walked! (9)
4 But a walk doesn't count for one. (4, 2, 3)
5 Bread lists. (5)
6 One of a famous run-away pair. (5)
7 The girl seems to be heavy-hearted. (8)
8 Lees certainly not on top. (5)
9 Byron's night-time sound in Brussels. (7)
15 A Boy Scout shouldn't talk so! (9)
16 If you're close, you probably do. (9)
17 Winds. (7)
18 See 2
20 Peter wouldn't have to change much for the dance. (4)
21 Part of a verse. (5)
23 The color of a Belloc heroine. (5)
24 Half-blind painter? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 326

ACROSS:—1—PENICILLIN; 6 TALC; 10 ICTERUS; 11 APOSTLE; 12 TOBY; 13 PATHOLOGIC; 16 SCALARE; 17 UNLACES; 20 PEDICEL; 22 SCALLOPING; 23 RUFF; 25 INDIANA; 26 ANIMISM; 27 NORM; 28 CONDOLENCE.

DOWN:—1 POINT IN QUESTION; 2 NOTABLE; 3 CURE; 4 LASCARS; 5 INACHUS; 7 ANTIGUA; 8 CHERCHEZ LA FEMME; 9 FOOLHARDY; 14 BLACK LEAD; 18 LEANDER; 19 SOPRANO; 20 and 15 PINS AND NEEDLES; 21 CAUTION; 24 WILL.

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